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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs and Letters of Capt. Sir William Hoste, R.N. K.C.B. K.M.T. By Lady Harriet Hoste. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1833. Bentley.

CAPTAIN HOSTE was the second son of the Rev. Dixon Hoste, rector of Godwick, of ancient Dutch extraction, and was born 26th of August, 1780. At the age of thirteen he went to sea, and had the good fortune to be placed in the *Agamemnon*, commanded by the immortal Nelson, with whom his courage and conduct made him a distinguished favourite. Though he never reached a higher rank than to be captain of a frigate, nor was intrusted with a more important service than an active cruise and partisan warfare in the Adriatic; yet so eminently did he display the noblest characteristics of the British seaman, so splendid an example has he left to the navy, that we heartily approve of the publication of this work, as a just tribute to the individual, a fine lesson to our sailors so long as England shall maintain her illustrious name on the ocean, and a patriotic memorial for the country at large.

"The cheerful animation of his disposition (says Rear-Admiral Sir Jahleel Brenton, in a tribute to his memory), the cheerful animation of his disposition, under all circumstances, however trying, was most remarkable—was never interrupted. He was as consistently energetic, zealous, and decided: his heart was in the service. Brought up by Nelson, he kept his example in all that was good and great steadily in view—the nature of his exploits corresponded with the extension of his command; and in the action off Lissa, and the complete victory which he gained over the enemy's squadron, was an earnest of what he would have done had he been spared to command a fleet. His career would have been a glorious one—glorious I mean upon a grand scale, for all the distinction which could be gained by a captain of a frigate he had already made his own. In short, were I now called upon to name any character on whose example the youth now rising in the navy should take for their model, I should unhesitatingly say—**SIR WILLIAM HOSTE.**"

This testimony, from one so competent to judge, may well stand for our exordium in this Review; and we shall spare ourselves the labour of a less worthy portraiture. Neither shall we illustrate the work before us with references to its earlier pages, in which, though they do serve to bring out the character of the man, we think there are too many of the boy's letters preserved by the affection of his widow. As years roll on, it increases in interest; the incidental notices of Captain Nelson are extremely valuable; and we gradually feel ourselves more and more attracted by the narrative, till the curtain finally falls.

A few selections towards the close of the war, when the gallantry of Sir William Hoste was so conspicuous in the Adriatic, where the *Bacchante* bore his pennant, shall afford a

glimpse of the qualities which have extorted our cordial praise. After a very dashing exploit, in boats, which ended in the capture of twenty-six vessels close on shore, we have the following story from a brother officer:—

"Hoste and I passed the morning of our arrival upon the hills, looking out for lost sheep. During our perambulations, we paid a visit to a chapel, which is celebrated for its Madonna, who has wrought more miracles than I have inclination to relate, or you to read. The padre, whom we had aroused from his noontide slumbers to shew us the lions, gave us a prodigious long string of marvels, to most of which he had been an eye-witness. One of the miracles I think I have mentioned to you already—that of the sympathy evinced by the image, and the interest it evidently took in the success of Hoste's action. The lady was sometimes pale, sometimes red, as the tide of victory appeared to ebb or flow; so at least said the padre, and with the utmost seriousness, though he did not know that he was talking to Hoste: had he been aware of it, perhaps we should have been treated with a miracle. I do not see why the image should have shewn any fears about the matter; a personage endued with such powers ought, I think, to have foreseen the issue."

Another good anecdote is thus related:—

"At Corfu is residing a Madame Vallié, the wife of an officer of artillery. In 1808 she was taken prisoner in a corn vessel, by the *Amphion*, on her passage from Italy to join her husband. She discovered extreme alarm on being brought on board, and for a long time afterwards could never be induced, by all the attentions that were shewn her by Hoste, to come on the quarter-deck. At length her terrors subsided, and she confessed the cause of them to have been a persuasion that the *English* were cannibals, and devoured their prisoners of war. Possessed with this notion, she would not shew herself on deck, that she might not excite the appetites of the sailors. She had even congratulated herself on being taken in a vessel laden with wheat, in the hopes that such a supply of food, somewhat more natural, might defer her fate long enough to afford a chance of escape. This lady was a Parisian, and had passed her youth in the metropolis of France! She was not then above two or three-and-twenty."

An account of one of the daring boat adventures is, however, more closely connected with the spirit of the work:—

"Conceive, then, our joy at being roused in the morning with the cry of a convoy in sight. They were at anchor near a place called *Giulia Nova*, which we had reconnoitred the evening before, and off which we lay to the right, that we might miss nothing in the dark. As the ship was eight or ten miles to leeward, and it was not advisable to give them time to make preparations for their defence, all the boats were hoisted out, manned, and sailed to attack them, under the command of our first lieutenant, Mr. Hood. Hoste and myself took our

stations, as usual, in the main-top, to command a good view of the affair, and where we waited in anxious expectation of the result. We did not remain long in doubt as to the nature of the enemy's force, for as soon as our boats got within the range of grape-shot, a tremendous fire opened upon them along the whole of the enemy's line, which continued without intermission till our boats were fairly lost sight of in the smoke. You may conceive our feelings at this moment, being now convinced that the convoy was chiefly composed of gun-boats. We had no fear as to the result, but the odds were so great that our loss, from the showers of grape that we could see falling about the boats, we concluded must be immense. The firing ceased as soon as our men came to close quarters; the enemy quitted his vessels, and made off as fast as he could. The beach was covered with the fugitives running in all directions, and the convoy remained in our possession. It consisted of seven large gun-boats, each mounting one eighteen-pounder in the bow, the smaller gun-vessels with a four-pounder in the bow, four armed trabaculos, and ten other vessels. The gun-boats alone carried two hundred and sixty-nine men, to say nothing of the others, and of a hundred soldiers drawn up for their assistance on the beach; our own boats, seven in number, with about one hundred and fifty men. Upon a moderate calculation the enemy were as three to one, superior in weight of metal and number of men. You will imagine that this success was not obtained without loss; but considering the nature of the contest, it was very trifling: three killed, and six wounded, one of whom has since died of his wounds. You may cut sailors to pieces, but you cannot conquer their spirit. One of them had his right arm shattered whilst in the act of boarding a gun-boat; instead of retreating, he took his cutlass with his left hand, and continued to press forward as long as he could stand, holding up the bleeding remnant as a signal for his comrades to avenge him. One of our midshipmen, of the name of Langton, commanded the first gig, which carried ten men besides himself; in this boat he boarded one of the largest of the enemy, who fired his bow-gun slap into the gig as she was coming up alongside; fortunately the chief part of the charge went over him, but not without killing one and wounding three others. Notwithstanding this, the remaining six persevered and carried their opponent, their wounded companions cheering them up, though unable to follow them. The boat that our friend Edward Hoste commanded was very conspicuous, as usual, and luckily suffered no loss. The killed and wounded of the enemy amounted to nearly ten times the number of our own; the beach was literally covered with the dying and the dead. The commodore and the chief part of his officers, with above fifty men, were made prisoners. He told us that he had no notion that the boats would have persevered in their attack after discovering his force. He had concluded, and

justly enough, that they were ignorant of his strength till he opened his fire, which he expected would induce them to retreat: with this idea he paused after the first discharge, to see its effect; but, instead of discovering any symptoms of fear, his ears were greeted with a loud and animated shout, which was continued throughout the little squadron till they came to close quarters. He had reserved his last discharge till the boats were close on board him. Seven gun-boats and five merchant vessels came safe off; the remaining twelve were burnt."

As we intend this notice to be only an introduction to a longer one, and rather to introduce a novelty to our readers than to criticise it with the attention it merits, we shall finish for the present with one brief but affecting extract from a letter written by Captain Hoste to his father in May 1814, when on his passage home in very bad health, after more than twenty years of constant and wearing service.

"I quitted (he says) Bacchante with regret, and I may say without vanity the regret at parting was mutual. Captain Stanfell, of the Cossack, is appointed to her. I congratulate you most sincerely on dear Edward at length being made lieutenant. The commander-in-chief has ordered him to the fleet to receive his appointment, and he is now with me on board the Cerberus for a passage to join him. I will let you know what ship he is named to. Conceive my joy at seeing in a Gazette, before I quitted Malta, that dear old George has received the brevet rank of major. I congratulate him a thousand times. It is a feather in his cap, for he has had sharp work in Holland. I hope he is, ere this, with you in England, and that ere two months are over we may all meet and rejoice at the conclusion of a war which has so long deprived us of all domestic felicity, and been so productive of misery to suffering Europe. How thankful our family ought to be, that in a war, sanguinary beyond precedent, three sons whom you have had fighting their country's battles have all escaped the sword, and will, I trust, return to you with some small portion of credit I hope, and at least the consciousness of having done their duty. O, my dear father, how proud I feel that I am an Englishman, and have lived to see my country in her present exalted state. A long inglorious peace will be the consequence, and I shall get my flag when I am no longer fit for command. Never mind."

Vegetable Cookery; with an Introduction, recommending Abstinence from Animal Food and Intoxicating Liquors. By a Lady. 4th edition. pp. 451. London, 1833. E. Wilson.

SHALL we, the admirers of Ude, the venerated of the memory of Lucullus, the respecters of Mrs. Rundell—shall we, who belong to the Bull family, and hate soup-maigre—shall we, who are blessed with palates, and, when not over-wrought, with good appetite—shall we be sophisticated and be-snivelled into the praise of a paltry volume like this, or into the crime of lending one note of approbation to the denationalising and de-humanising system which it pretends to recommend? No; as Britons, and as men, we denounce it; and were we competent to use the curse of Dr. Slop, we would excommunicate, with all the force and energy of Slop-pery, its peas and its potatoes, its cabbages and its cauliflowers, its pickles and its preserves, its fritters and its flummery, its jellies and its jams, its beans and its burgoo, its gooseberries and its gruel, its porridge and

its poultices, its snowballs and its syllabubs, its tartlets and its trifles, its puffs and its every thing. Except as minor adjuncts, where the noble science of eating is imperfectly understood, may they be invisible in the kitchen, in the hall, on the dining-table, in the supper-room; at breakfast, and at luncheon, and at dinner, and at tea, and at supper, and at all intermediate periods of natural restoration; may the pig-sty be their common receptacle, the pigs their consumers; and may the illustrious form of being, fashioned after the Gods, be spared the indignity of containing them! May—but we will not suffer our feelings to run away with us (though it is almost six o'clock p.m.)—the author says she is "a lady,"—we had hardly have thought it possible—her emblem on the title-page is appropriately a grasshopper; and to her, to the grasshopper, and to the book, it must be our task to pay the attention due from a Reviewer to a writer, however atrocious the imposition upon the sense which is attempted to be perpetrated.

After the grasshopper we have a preface or introduction—as utterly stuffed with fallacies and misrepresentations as a pease pudding is with peas. Its assertions are incredibly impudent, its half-proofs most ridiculous, and its data sand that can support nothing. We will examine and sift it.

"If we attend (says my Lady) to the anatomy of the human body, it seems as if man was formed by nature to be a frugivorous animal; and that he only becomes an animal of prey by acquired habit. The form and disposition of the intestines is very similar to that of the ourang-outang, or man of the woods, an animal which lives on fruit and vegetables. It has also been remarked, that all carnivorous animals have a smooth and uniform colon, and all herbivorous animals a cellular one."

We deny, on her own premises, that my Lady has attended, as much as she should have done before venturing on such arguments, to the anatomy of the human body. How does she know what ourang-outangs eat in the woods? how can she distinguish a colon from a semi-colon? The anatomy of the human body proves the very reverse of her assertion—that man is meant to be frugivorous by nature, and becomes carnivorous by habit. The teeth, to go no farther than the very outposts, demonstrate the contrary. The canine distinctly mark the carnivorous animal. Descending lower, the intestines confirm the fact. The length of the intestinal tube is greater in proportion to that of the body in graminivorous than in carnivorous creatures; and in man the proportion is intermediate, shewing his destiny for all purposes of gastronomic enjoyment. Neither does he ruminate like one class of graminivorous animals; nor has he a double stomach like another. We wish my Lady had looked into these things before she tried to persuade us to live on cucumbers, kale, and apple-dumplings.

"Some modern sophists will sarcastically ask, (she adds,) 'Why is man furnished with the canine or dog-teeth, except that nature meant him to be carnivorous?' Is, then, the propriety of an action to be determined purely by the physical capacity of the agent? Is it right to do every thing we have the power to do? Because nature has furnished man with the capacity to devour human flesh, will any one pretend that he was made to feed on his fellow-men?"

We are the modern sophists to repeat the

question, and we would in return put it to my Lady, If man were not intended to be carnivorous, those teeth would be useless; and uselessness in the formation of the most perfect of created beings is especially inconsistent with Nature, whose universal principle, even as it regards the meanest things, wonderfully gives neither more nor less than is needful, and adapts every minute part to a harmonious whole. There is no waste in Nature; though my Lady fancies we have got all our dog-teeth for nothing.

"That animal food (she also tells us) is unnecessary to the sustenance of man will appear evident, when it is considered, that in the first ages of the world mankind lived wholly on the vegetable productions of the earth, and that even at this day, millions of human beings in Asia and Africa subsist in a similar manner. But we need not go back to the primitive ages, nor travel to distant climes, in order to prove that vegetable food is nutritive and salutary; we have the evidence at hand: the most hardy Highlanders take comparatively little animal food; and the Irish labourer, who works hard and possesses much strength, lives principally on a vegetable diet. If additional testimony were needed, proofs sufficient to establish the practicability and salutariness of the system are afforded in the health and strength enjoyed by the persons belonging to the society of which the editor of this work is a member, upwards of one hundred of whom have entirely abstained from animal food and intoxicating liquor from ten to twenty years."

We, certes, rejoice to learn that my Lady has abstained from intoxicating liquor so long; but the rest of the passage is rubbish. In the very earliest records of mankind, the mingling of animal with vegetable sustenance is perpetually before us. Abel was a keeper of sheep, and he offered their fat in sacrifices. Cain, to be sure, was a vegetable fellow, a "tiller of the ground," and yet the first murderer and fratricide! But my Lady is monstrously unhappy in her Scriptural quotations; for, like another nameless personage, she quotes texts to prove that animal food was, if not absolutely forbidden, at least discouraged. The absurdity could not be exceeded: the first great instruction to Noah alone is sufficient to tumble down the whole sophism—if perverted bits can be so denominated. "Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things;" is a verse of Genesis, chap. ix., not easily explained away, even did not the whole Jewish dispensation teem with rules for the slaughter of some, and the rejection of other, animals as food. Instead of vegetable preceding animal food in uncivilised countries, it is obvious that the first wants of man, so multiplied, must have been supplied by the chase; whereas cultivation was necessary before grain, fruits, and vegetables, could be produced for the consumption of an increasing population. As for what my Lady says about the Highlanders taking comparatively little animal food, she surely has not heard of the row at the famous Hogg dinner last year; when every hungry Scotsman of the clans who got less than three pounds of beef, mutton, and fowl, avoirdupois, to his own share of provender, almost cut the throats of the stewards for not providing enough.

"That a vegetable diet (my Lady continues) is more favourable to health, there can be little doubt. The nations that subsist on this kind of food are strong, robust, and capable of enduring the greatest fatigue." An English

boxer, trained upon under-done beef-steaks, would furnish a striking refutation against any turnip-fed hero in the world. But "Dr. Lambe (it seems) has clearly demonstrated that not a few of the diseases with which the people of this country are afflicted, may be attributed to this baneful diet." Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and we cannot receive so interested a testimony on this important question. Lambe is evidently partial. Mint sauce could not reconcile him to the murder of the innocents. It is a family affair. Elia might perish, and Southey lose a friend. The idea is too horrible to be dwelt upon. We go to higher authority:—

"Mr. Abernethy, whose opinion on this subject will not be questioned, says, 'If you put improper food into the stomach, it becomes disordered, and the whole system is affected. Vegetable matter ferments, and becomes gaseous; while animal substances are changed into a putrid, abominable, and acrid stimulus. Now some people acquire preposterous noses, others blotches on the face and different parts of the body, others inflammation of the eyes—all arising from the irritations of the stomach.'"

That vegetable matter should "ferment and become gaseous," is rather an unlucky confession on the part of my Lady; since surely the gaseous society of a hundred persons so inflated must be, to say the least of it, unpleasant, if not dangerous. We declare upon honour, that we could not muster courage to become a member of the explosive band; nor dare we trust our imagination with the picture of what their general meetings must be. We fancy the company sufficiently fed, and the consequent fermentation and extrication of vegetable gases, the results of full phytophagy! And again, on the other point; with all due deference to my Lady, animal substances never change into a putrid, &c. stimulus in a healthy stomach. The gastric juice is a strong anti-septic, and counteracts any tendency of this kind; and the simple truth is well known to be, that animal is generally much more easily digested than vegetable matter.

We are not, never having tried the diet, so competent to speak upon the next assertion of the fair writer, viz. that "vegetable food clears the intellect, preserves innocence, increases compassion and love." If this be the case, there is certainly another bond of union in the society of fifty pair of which she is a member; and we presume that their symposia of love-apples may be very agreeable. We see the banquet set out in our mind's eye. Nun's biscuits at top and macaroni at bottom; Sally Lunn and Norton crumpets vis-à-vis with fig-tarts and honeycombs, a trifle in the middle, and buttered eggs, mangoes, patties, &c. &c. all round; and then the removes!

We daresay they consist of eggs, butter, cheese, milk, and other vegetables of a similar sort, described in the Cookery of this "Society of Bible Christians," who so religiously "abstain from animal food, in obedience to the Divine command." Perhaps they never heard of the 14th chapter of Deuteronomy:—

"These are the beasts which ye shall eat; the ox, the sheep, and the goat.

"The hart, and the roebuck, and the fallow deer, and the wild goat, and the pygarg, and the wild ox, and the chamois.

"And every beast that parteth the hoof," &c.—"all that are in the waters," &c.—"all clean birds, &c. shall ye eat."

Yet, in despite of this, my Lady would rather devour fifty pies than a single pygarg, on pretence of religious scruples. Mercy upon

us, what a world of folly and humbug do we eat and drink in!

And, in addition to the pseudo-religious persuasives, we have the almond emulsion of sentimentality—the horror of destroying animal life, as if vegetables did not swarm with animal life, and the poor worm and fly were not equal, in the view of real philanthropy, to the ox and sheep; as if the beetle that we tread upon did not, in corporal sufferance, feel a pang as great as when a giant died. Does my Lady remember the story of the Brahmin and the microscope? He worshipped the vital principle in a cow, and destroyed myriads of lives daily in his milk-and-water tippie. He was no better than the horse whose example is set before us.

"Look at the horse (exclaims my Lady), with every muscle of his body swelled from morning till night in the plough or the team; does he make signs for spirits to enable him to cleave the earth or climb the hill? No." We confess we should think it very odd if he did; neither doth he call for hay or oats, or alderman's puddings—talking of which (see Receipt, No. 328, p. 116) reminds us of a portentous paragraph we have this week read in the newspapers. It states that ten common-councilmen eat as much at their "blows out" as twenty aldermen. This is awful. The city of London has just got a new reformed constitution; but, alas! reform itself must be nugatory where the chief authorities are so inferior in capacity to the commons. They must, ere long, be eaten up by innovation;

"And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

Before that day comes, let us advise them to make the best use of their time, and eschew the disciples of the church whose *vade-mecum* we have here dissected. Let them force meat till they come to spoon meat (words too respectable, by-the-by, to be employed as they are by my Lady in this volume); and, while they have a bench to sit upon, remember, that if they do not do their duty, there are men beneath them ready to take their places, who can do twice as much.

The French Cook. By Louis Eustache Ude, Maître d'Hôtel at Crockford's Club-house. The Twelfth Edition. With an Appendix of New Receipts. 8vo. pp. 453. London, 1833. Ebers and Co.

Ecce iterum coquimus! Now do we come to a work of another order! Hail, Louis Eustache Ude! well-encountered emperor of the kitchen! Glad are we to greet thee in a new and most seasonable edition, garnished with many new and most *seasonable* dishes. Ever, O Louis! hast thou been first favourite of ours; putting to flight the pseudo preparations of Dictionary Dolby, the quaint *cuisineries* of Kitchener, and all the inferior productions of inferior artists. Delicious, we doubt not, is thy *Matelotte of Soles à la Normande*, "the best way of dressing fish that can be imagined," (*thyself passim*); exquisite thy "Purée of truffles," "which will do credit to any artist who will dress it judiciously" (thine Appendix); perfect thy "Poulet Nouveau à l'Algérine;" ravishing thy Russian ice; and thy new "Soufflé" quite the potato. In short, thy work, attractive before, is now doubly so; and thy twelfth edition has eleven new receipts, each of which is worth the price of thy whole volume.

Seriously, the present edition is a great improvement upon the preceding ones, and contains some novel inventions for tickling the palate, which, having passed the critical ordeal of the *savour* of Crockford's, cannot fail, we

suppose, of pleasing the less fastidious million. In a former Number we gave some of Ude's good things of another kind, under the title of Udeana; we shall now present our readers with a few others that have reached us.

It is pretty well known that Count Alfred d'Orsay, whose cabriolet was recently eulogised in the *Quarterly*, is possessed of a taste in cookery as perfect as his judgment in cabs. Ude entertained the highest respect for his opinion, and was desirous of naming a dish after him. The "Purée of truffles" was selected for that purpose; but, unluckily, on the very day the *entrée* was served, the count confined himself to a delicious "Salmi of woodcocks," leaving the "purée" untouched. Ude appeared. It was impossible to forgive such want of discrimination. "N'importe," said the count, shewing his teeth, "I shall escape indigestion. You refuse to cook for me—I will bring steaks into fashion in lieu." "Your lordship may spare yourself the trouble," returned Ude; "steaks in l'oo have been long in fashion here." "Cognin!" exclaimed the count, laughing, "know your own interest. Go, make what use you please of my name." "Then," said Ude, restored to good humour, "I should *dish* your lordship; but I won't *serve* you so." "No," replied the count, "you might find me too hot for you."

The count, upon another occasion, demanded of Ude if he had any thing new. "Yes," answered the professor, "I have a superb *vol au vent* of cocks'-combs, quite new, and entirely at your lordship's service." "With 'saucé à la maître d'hôtel,' no doubt," rejoined the count.

The "Beef à la Napolitaine" was prepared for Lord de Roos, on his return from the South of Italy. It reminded him, he said, of the capital cookery at the Vittoria, an hotel celebrated for its *cuisine*. "Capital cookery!" exclaimed Ude; "bah! I have never been at Naples!"

A cabal was once formed against Ude at the club. "What have you to complain of?" inquired Ude of Lord A. "I hardly know," replied the classical peer; "but I am tired of one style of cookery, though it is the best." "Had not your lordship better dine at home?" retorted the arch cook.

Soon after this, an expression of thanks was voted to Ude by the committee, and an elegant piece of plate offered to him. It was presented to the *chef* by Lord Sefton. A tear stood in Ude's eye as he received the offering from the hand of his old master. "Ah, Ude!" exclaimed his lordship, "it is my proudest boast that I was the first to discover your now universally acknowledged merit." "Your taste, my dear lord," modestly answered his *ci-devant* cook, "is alone capable of fully appreciating my merit. I am happy to have met with one man who could understand me."

Some of the original receipts having reached us, we avail ourselves of them to give a specimen or two of their peculiar phraseology; and with a foreseeing appetite dismiss the author to the kitchens of all our readers. For our own part, we should not care how often

"We dined with this Nongtongpaw."

Soles matelotte Normande.—Skine and cut all the fine of a very fresh soles, take out the bone, and put in the room of the bone the following apparatus, chop separately, very fine, about a doze of mushrooms, several branches of parsley, and only one challootte, chopped very fine, put those three sortes in a stewpan with two ounces of fresh butter, little salt, pepper, and very little powder of spices, stars that in

the fire till the erbes are donne about five or six minute, then break two egg, and put the yoke of them in the erbes, let them donne in the fire $\frac{1}{2}$ minute, then put that in a plate to cool, when quiete cold, put somme of it in the side of the soles, put the soles in a dish or sautry-pan, moisten the soles with a glasse or two of white wine, one glass for one sole, more if more soles, powder over the soles litle salt and pepper, and covered the soles with a buttered white paper to prevente the fish go get brown, let it boiled in the oven only six or seven minute according to the size of the soles, but mind, when the soles are to much done they are dry and good for nothing, this is the perfection of the dish, as soon of the soles are dry the matelotte is not good.

Sauces and Ragout for the matelotte Normande.—If you have no sauce maid, what is termed in cookery, sauce tourné; proceed as follow, put in a stewpan a few small bit of ham, one bunch of persley and green onion seasoned with thime, bay leave, one clove, and litle mace, mind that those ingredien dont come out of the bundle, a dozaine or more mushroom turned very white, a bit of butter, put the stewpan on a moderate stove till the mushroom are ferme, put two spoone full of good flour, let the flour fried till in comme white, then moisten this with good broth, and the liqaur, of two dozaine of oister that you have boiled before, let the sauce boild on the side of the stove, with a cover on the stewpan, to scume the butter and the scume that will comme on the top of the sauce, put salt and pepper, to it, when the sauce dont taste the flour, take out the ham and the bundle, had to the sauce the wine where the sole have been in the oven, then boils the sauce to the consistancy to had to the fish, put a thickening of three egg, a drop or two of double cream. When the egg are well done in the sauce, had again a bit of row butter, very litle jus of half lemon, put the oister in the ragout, and pour over the soles that you have dished in the dishes to serve them, mind this dish well donne is the best dishes of fish ever was dressed but by particular in all the observation, if you dont cover the sauce when in the side of the stove, they never scume well. When muscle are good you must have somme; clean them, boiled them in their one liqaur, and take out the shell, and mind their is no crab in it and put somme in the ragout.

Beef à la Napolitaine.—Take out the filet of one loin of beef, loin and rump—he particular to left in it somme of the sweet both side, then trim the nerve and have it whell larded with good bacon, I said good bacon—because when the filet of beef is not larded with the good part of the bacon, the bacon melt, and nothing remain in the top of it; the bacon as a marque in the fat, you never must use above that marque, the one under the marque is for larding, and the auther above for the bardes and for covering the game and fowles &c. When the filet is well larded, put it in a large flat dish with branch of persley, slices of onion, litle garlic, thime, bay-leave, clove, mace, pepper, sweat oil, no salt because the salt pull out the juce of the meat, only oil to covered the meat From the infection of the air, then deep a paste brush in oil and rub the beef with the oil all rond, it will be sufficient, but turn the filet in the herbes every day, if he is larded two day before is more tender, to braize it you put it in a vessel long enough to put it easy, had to it a few slice of good ham, few beet of veal, three or four large onion, a bottle of lunel in vine, salt and pepper and the erbes that whas

In the marinade; braize that About two hour in a slow fire, when you truste a packtread needle in it and, if it grow and comme out easy, take out all the liqaur reduce it to the consistancy of glaze, glaze the filet with that glaze, and with the Rest had to it Few Spoone of good espagnoles sauce, if you have no sauce, serve only is one liqaur, be particular to scume all the fat, for I have said that in somme part of my work a drop of fat seing in cookery, show a cook without method, serve that filet with fried potatoe of good chape, rond the filet, if the master lyke onions, you may garnish with glazed onions, done separately, scrape somme horse Reddish, and put somme litle bundle rond the dish and serve it very hot.

Purée of Truffles.—In this new edition of the book I shall introduce a very good innovation of mine, as the truffles are somme time to diformed to be presented in a good table I have made a new purée that I do in the following manner, take great care to smelle every truffle for fear they smell mask, when you are sure they are all good, mince them, and put them to sim in a stewpan with a good essence of game, particular rabbit and perdrigres.

Potatoes Soufflé.—This dish as the good advantage to be good and cheep, take as must large potatoe as you have gest for dinner as this dish dont looke well to be cut, whash them well and select for that dish the better in shap, put them in the oven to be donne as well as to eat them with butter, then cut one aperature at the top, take out the in side with a spoone and put this in a stewpan, with two or three spoone of double cream, a small bit of butter, litle salt, some sugar litle lemon peel rasp in sugar, tow yolk of egg, and add to it the white well froster, and put the apparell to the potatoe, and put this to the oven pretty hot and warie the taste, somme time lemon, somme time orange flower water &c. this dish is very pretty and not vulgaire.

Three Years in North America. By James Stuart, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1833, Cadell; London, Whittaker.

WE are rather overlaid with books on America at the present moment, having no fewer than four considerable publications upon our table within the last ten days; still, we cannot allow a Saturday to pass without bestowing some notice on the plain, sensible, and unprejudiced narrative which Mr. Stuart has produced. It is not only good in itself, but good as a means of rectifying erroneous impressions; and so far as it goes, we may safely say that a more sure guide on the subjects of which it treats cannot be read. There is nothing extraordinary—nothing piquant to be found in its pages; but those interested in the actual condition of America will receive much information from its unembellished and straightforward details.

It is quite unnecessary to follow the tract of the author, whose wife accompanied him in his expedition, and procured for their temporary abodes more of a family character than is enjoyed by single travellers; and we shall content ourselves with a few extracts to exemplify his style and opinions. In the spring of 1830 he had proceeded to New Orleans through the state of Alabama, and thence ascended the Ohio, visited the junction of the Mississippi and Missouri, and traversed the Illinois. After this he returned to New York and Old England.

Our first extract is a touch of the southern state mail-coach driver.

"Here," says the author, "the most lawless

of all the drivers I had yet met got the charge of the stage. At the distance of two or three miles from the house, at a point where the road was covered with stumps of trees, he drew up, and tying the reins up at the front window, he said to me, the only passenger, 'Look to the reins till I come back.' He was obliged to go a little way to give out some sewing, as he said. There was neither a house nor a human being in our view, and I felt it unpleasant to be left alone in the forest; but there was no alternative, for the driver was out of sight behind the trees in a moment. He did not return for thirty-five minutes, and then, feeling some apology to be necessary, he said, 'I was obliged to hear her story. The fact is, I keep a girl a little way off: I have built her a house, and we have a negro wench to attend her; yet the people are making a mighty fuss about it. How do they manage these matters in the north, sir?' I of course advised him to marry, as they do in the north; but he said the girl's family were not equal to his, and he could not think of disgracing himself, though he was very fond of her. The great fault, however, which the public have to find with this person, whose name is Symes, is that of leaving the whole southern mails at the mercy of a stranger, of whom he knew nothing, and who could not be expected to make any extraordinary exertion if any attempt had been made to carry them off. At the distance of a mile or two farther to the southward, we picked up, at a house by the road-side, Mrs. Mills, a lady who has a hotel somewhere in the neighbourhood; an active intelligent woman, who is about to get the next stage-house, which is only now building for her. She does not allow a drop of spirits to be kept in her house, and told us that the influence of the temperance societies is now such, that spirits are not to be had in one-half of the houses in this country where they were formerly sold. She was afraid, however, she said, that she must have some wine or spirits in the house, when her son, a young man, came home with some of his companions, and she expected them soon."

At New Orleans, in describing it, as well as throughout his work, Mr. Stuart speaks as favourably of the country and the people as circumstances will admit; still, he points out evils of no common magnitude. The treatment of slaves in the southern states is dreadful;—the condition of the periodical press curious.

"The publication of newspapers is not a thriving speculation in the despotic states of the union. I view South Carolina, Georgia, and Louisiana, decidedly in that light, because in those states the liberty of the press is denied altogether to the coloured, and, in a very considerable degree, to the white population. Compare the increase of newspapers in some of the free states with their present condition in the three slave-holding states to which I have alluded, and the result will go far to establish my proposition. Sixty-six newspapers were published in the state of New York in the year 1810: 211 are now published. Seventy-one newspapers were published in Pennsylvania in 1810: 185 are now published. Fourteen newspapers were published in Ohio in 1810: sixty-six are now published. But in South Carolina ten newspapers were published in 1810, and only sixteen now. Thirteen newspapers were published in Georgia in 1810, and only the same number now. Ten newspapers were published in Louisiana in 1810, and now only nine are published. Louisiana is the only state in which the number of newspapers has decreased during the last twenty years, and yet during

that period the population has increased from 20,845 to 215,272, that is to say, the population is nine times as great as it was in 1810, and the effect of the arbitrary laws has been such, as to render the number of newspapers less for 215,000 inhabitants than for 20,000,—so much for slavery and a government despotism, so far as concerns a great part,—more than one-half of its population. It is not to be wondered at, under such circumstances, that the establishment of public reading-rooms has only been attempted of late years, for the first time."

Natchez forms almost a contrast to New Orleans.—"This is (we are told) one of the most beautiful towns in the United States, but occasionally very unhealthy. The pride of India-tree, shading the streets, was in blossom, and the odour charming. The top of this tree is full of blossoms, having a greater resemblance to the lilac than to any other of the flowering shrubs. The tufts are larger, and it remains in flower for a long time. Its leaves are long and spiked. The growth of these trees is so rapid that in a few years they completely embower a village, and give a delightful freshness to the landscape. The profusion of reddish berries, with which the tree is covered, after they fall off, is such, that the robins immigrate to this region in the end of winter, settle on the trees, and feed on the berries. The berries possess an intoxicating quality; and the robins, sitting on the trees in a state of stupefaction, may be easily killed with a stick. An excellent newspaper is published here, called 'The Natchez,' which advocates the cause of the Indians, and partially, probably as far as it can do with safety, the cause of the coloured population." But even here there was a drawback. "This town, though so well situated, has been visited by the yellow fever, which has prevented its becoming so great a place as was expected. On our return to the boat, we found the rooms lighted up at the infamous hotels adjoining the landing-place. These rooms open to the road, and the curtains were drawn back, so that we could not pass the houses without seeing the dancers. We resisted an invitation to join the party; and, ten minutes after we got into the boat, we were again ploughing the Mississippi, without any loss to my companion or to me; but a Kentucky farmer, who went on shore with us, had his pocket picked of a pocket-book containing 500 dollars. Such a nuisance as that which exists in the open and avowed manner which I have mentioned, so near the landing-place at Natchez, would hardly be tolerated any where in a similar situation in Great Britain or in Europe. Strange it is that it should exist here, in a country in the chief cities of which so much more decorum is observed than in the capitals of Europe."

In the steam-boat, "among the deck passengers, there was a German who had 2,300 gallons of Monongahela whisky on board. He had already carried it 1300 miles, and expected to carry it 700 miles further before he could get a market, even at the too cheap price of about one shilling sterling per gallon,—it was of very tolerable quality."

The remark on Vandalia, and its surrounding state, may fairly be extracted as a just specimen of the work.

"It is an extraordinary fact, that in this town, the capital of Illinois, a state more extensive, and infinitely more fertile than England, the first house in which was not begun until the year 1821, three annual meetings of an antiquarian and historical society have al-

ready taken place, and the whole of their published proceedings are as regular, as well conducted, and as well printed, from the Blackwell press of Vandalia, as if the seat of the society had been at Oxford or Cambridge. The whole annual disbursements in this state for salaries to the executive do not exceed 10,000 dollars. The people of Illinois have adhered tenaciously to democratic principles, retaining in their hands every power which can be conveniently withheld from the rulers. Elections are frequent, and the right of suffrage general. Imprisonment for debt and laws against usury are abolished. Judge Hall's second address to the society, in 1828, contains the following remarkable passage:—'It is but eight years since the axe was first laid to the tree on the spot where we are now assembled. All round was one vast wilderness. The gentle stream that murmurs past our town had never been traced through its meanders by any but the hunters. A rich growth of majestic oaks covered the site of the future metropolis, and tangled thickets, almost impervious to the human foot, surrounded it on every side. The gentlemen who attended the first session of the legislature which sat at this place, sought their way through the neighbouring prairies as the mariner steers over the trackless ocean, by his knowledge of the cardinal points. Our judges, legislators, and lawyers, came pouring in from opposite directions, as the wandering tribes assemble to their council; and many were the tales of adventure and mishap related at their meeting. Some were lost in the prairies—some slept in the woods—some were almost chilled to death in plunging through the creeks and rivers. Now we have post-roads diverging in every direction, and our mails are brought in stages from the east, the west, and the south. The fine country to the north was then just beginning to attract attention. Wonderful accounts came to us from the Sangamon and the Mauvaisterre (part of the district of Morgan county, in the neighbourhood of Jacksonville), of rich lands, and pure streams, and prairies more beautiful than any which had previously been discovered. But those lands had not yet been offered for sale by the United States, and were not included in the limits of any county. The adventurous settlers neither owned the soil on which they lived, nor enjoyed the benefit of any civil organisation. What a change has been produced in eight years! The country, which, previously to that period, was known only as an inviting frontier, forms now the fairest portion of our state. A dozen counties have been formed in that direction, and within that time, three of which rank amongst the foremost in wealth, improvement, and population. A canal has been projected, to unite that section of our territory with the northern lakes; and the accomplishment of that work, which may be confidently expected to take place within a few years, will open a highway to the east, through a country which has no superior in fertility or beauty."

As much opinion is now stirring on the subject of Temperance Societies, we shall conclude with Mr. Stuart's notice of them.

"A report of the deaths at New York is weekly printed in all the newspapers. I was surprised to observe the very considerable number of deaths at this period from the use of cold water, and found, on inquiry, that those deaths were owing to taking cold water without any mixture of spirits. The temperance societies over the United States have certainly done a great deal of good, and are entitled to praise for the activity with which their exertions

have been conducted. They have not only established a weekly paper, called the *Journal of Humanity and Herald of the American Temperance Society*, devoted to the objects of the society, but have had engaged a dozen of clergymen as agents, going all over the United States to point out the evil consequences of indulging in spirituous liquors, and establishing auxiliary societies in many of the towns. It may be questioned, however, whether rather too much enthusiasm has not been displayed in carrying into view the praiseworthy objects of the society. The daily use of ardent spirits in any considerable quantity is no doubt very likely to lead to intemperance, and to the destruction of health,—but in a country where labourers and mechanics cannot fail to be exceedingly overheated when at work, they cannot, I suspect, quench their thirst with any safety without mixing a small quantity of spirits with the liquid which they drink. The deaths at New York caused by cold water have increased very much since the labourers became members of temperance societies, one article in the constitution of which is, 'That ardent spirits are not to be tasted at all.' Many very sensible men have sent forth opinions upon this subject, which are, I fear, likely to do harm. Dr. Beecher, of Boston, whom I have already mentioned, has published a series of short sermons on the nature, occasions, signs, evils, and remedy of intemperance, in which he writes,—'I know that much is said about the prudent use of ardent spirits; but we might as well speak of the prudent use of the plague. Strong beer has been recommended as a substitute for ardent spirits, and the means of leading back the captive to health and liberty; but though it may not create intemperate habits as soon, it has no power to allay them. It will finish even what ardent spirits had begun, and with this difference only, that it does not rasp the vital organs with quite so keen a file, and enables the victim to come down to his grave by a course somewhat more dilatory, and with more of the good-natured stupidity of the idiot, and less of the demoniac frenzy of the madman. Wine has been prescribed as a means of decaying the intemperance from the ways of death; but habit cannot be thus cheated out of its dominion, nor ravening appetite be amused down to a sober and temperate demand. Retrenchments and substitutes, then, are idle; and if in any case they succeed, it is not in one of a thousand. It is the tampering of an infant with a giant,—the effort of a kitten to escape from the paws of a lion.' I cannot help thinking that these views are extravagant, and that more good is likely to be permanently done by following the advice of a celebrated physician of Philadelphia, the late Dr. Benjamin Rush, who, more than twenty years ago, published an inquiry into the effects of ardent spirits upon the human body and mind, in which he deprecates their use, unless in certain cases which he mentions, especially when the body has been exposed for a long time to wet weather, more particularly if it be combined with cold; but recommends in their stead the use of cider as perfectly wholesome,—the use of malt liquor as containing a good deal of nourishment,—and the use of wine as cordial and nourishing, and inspiring cheerfulness and good humour. It is certainly singular to find so great exertions on the subject of temperance in the United States, when I can bear testimony to the greatest appearance of sobriety among the people. During the first three months that I passed in the United States, I only saw one intoxicated person, an Oneida Indian. I did not, during my

residence in the United States for nearly three years, see a dozen people the worse for liquor. At the same time, there is no doubt that a larger quantity of spirits is used by the people of the United States, in reference to their population, than in Great Britain; but this fact, which has at first sight a startling appearance, is easily explained. Wine is in much less general use in the United States than in Britain; but the whole people, the mass, are in such easy circumstances, and the price of spirits of all kinds is so cheap, that all, without exception, can afford to use spirits daily as they like. Brandy and water is the favourite liquor of the male population; but they take it, though frequently, in such small quantity at a time, that they are rarely intoxicated. Still, the habit is a bad one, and prejudicial to health; but the way to get rid of it is, I am persuaded, not by preaching a crusade against all fermented liquors, but by recommending such liquors as are considered salutary by Dr. Rush, for obtaining which the finances of every one in the United States, who is industrious, are sufficient."

It is impossible, in a sketch like this, to advert to the number of subjects which the author brings forward, especially as he has not only treated of general matters, but descended into many particular and individual inquiries. We shall therefore close his volumes with repeating our recommendation of them as containing temperate and judicious accounts of the land over which he travelled during three years, exercising a candid eye and an observant mind.

Original Compositions in Prose and Verse, illustrated with Lithographic Engravings: to which is added some Vocal and Instrumental Music. Oblong 4to. pp. 172. Lond. 1833. Lloyd.

IN a brief dedication, the editor states that these compositions are published "for the benefit of a family in reduced circumstances." That of itself would be a sufficient recommendation of the volume to every benevolent mind; but when we add, that it contains contributions from the pens of Lady Charlotte Bury, Mrs. Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Shelley, the Abbé Dubois, Bernard Barton, Dr. George Hall, George Cole, the Author of "Selwyn," and several other writers of talent, whose names are concealed under the guise of initials,—we need not say that it possesses intrinsic and independent merits which render it a very amusing work. From its miscellaneous pages we select, by way of specimen, an interesting little story, entitled the "Morning Star."

"Many years since there was a small village about a mile and a half from the eastern gate of the city of Liège. The best house in it was the little inn, which stood apart from the rest about a stone's throw. What its sign may have originally been I do not know, for it was known through all the country round by the name of the 'Morning Star,' which it had acquired from the alertness of its inmates. No house in the whole province of Flanders kept such early hours. The landlord, Adam Polder, was an old man, and his wife not much younger than himself. Their niece, Trinette (Catherine was her real name, but all the world called her Trinette), assisted them, and was, in fact, the efficient person; and great credit indeed she had of it, for it was the very pattern of a village inn, with its pink front and its green outside shutters, and the white benches on each side of the door, and the four poplar-trees between it and the road; and then inside the

nicely sanded floor, and the rafters loaded with hams and dried fish, and the blazing hearth, and the shelf decorated with Tournay earthenware, and the store of bright brass jars and dishes, which Trinette polished till they shone like gold. It was quite a little Flemish Paradise. But the thing she was prouder of than of all besides was the little garden behind it, where, over and above the onion-bed, which supplied her mistress with the magnificent clusters she delighted in hanging up in her window, Trinette contrived, with the assistance of Jan Van Bloemen, to rear some tulips, which both believed to be the finest flowers that had ever blossomed beyond the precincts of Haerlem. Now, this Jan Van Bloemen was a young market-gardener, whom all the world pointed out as Trinette's bachelor. It was very true, that whenever he had occasion to go into the city, and these occasions had occurred almost daily for the last seven or eight months, he always discovered that his shortest road was that which led him by the 'Morning Star'; and he would often stop, in a neighbourly way, to chat with old Adam, or to help his pretty niece to tie up her flowers. Moreover, he had danced with Trinette at the kermesse of their own, and all the neighbouring villages; and when he carried off the prize at the last popinjay, credible witnesses asserted that he had been heard to declare, that he felt much less satisfaction in his success than in the reflection that she had been a witness of his triumph; at which avowal Trinette was said to have blushed and smiled. In short, it was supposed to be a settled thing, and every body called Jan a very lucky fellow; for, besides her being very pretty, it was beyond a doubt, as Adam had no child, that she would inherit the contents of a long leathern purse, which he kept in the large household chest, with the brass belts and hinges, which stood in the kitchen, acting in the double capacity of receptacle and dresser, and into which, every Saturday night, he emptied the gains of the preceding week—and Adam's gains were sure gains. It was not one of those beer-houses where you see cards about all day, and hear the billiard-balls rattling till midnight, as is too frequently the case; but respectable customers, good beer, short accounts, and early hours, characterised the 'Morning Star'; early hours, indeed, for the family went nightly to bed with the lamb, and reason good, for they rose before the lark. Now, it happened one day towards the end of Autumn, that Jan had been detained at Liège till a much later hour than usual, yet he was unwilling to return home without communicating to his friend Adam some important intelligence he had just received from the brother-in-law of the cousin of the burgo-master's confidential servant, relative to an expected rise in the price of hops. He almost feared that the door might have been closed for the night, but there was no harm in trying if it were still on the latch. His surprise and pleasure may be conceived when, as he approached, he saw the fire-light darting bright, cheering gleams through the still-open casement. I will not venture to affirm that his feelings experienced no check, when a closer examination enabled him to discover that Adam's kitchen that evening received unwonted guests. Three men of unprepossessing physiognomy, in whose dress the trader and the military adventurer were anomalously blended, were seated smoking round the table, on which stood a flask of Rhenish wine, and a Dutch cheese, which Jan well knew was seldom produced except on occasions of cere-

mony. Adam sat in his stiff-backed oak chair, listening with an air of deferential respect to the occasional observations of the strangers; the hostess plied her knitting in the chimney corner, and Trinette, who was busied in removing the remains of dinner, was laughing gaily at the witticisms which ever and anon escaped from their lips, in the intervals between their long whiffs. Neither did it escape Jan's notice, though certainly it was but a trifle, that the village coquette was dressed with more than usual attention to effect—her linen cap arranged with more than ordinary care over her glossy dark hair, and the wrought clocks of her blue worsted stockings more ostentatiously displayed than was her wont. It was perhaps not unnatural that a jealous lover, and such was the market-gardener, should combine the circumstances, and conclude that this holiday attire was exhibited in honour of the, to him, very objectionable associates in whose company he beheld her. The real key to Trinette's unusual finery and superabundant lightness of heart had escaped his penetration—she sported, for the first time, a pair of long gold ear-rings! Jan had been standing for about ten minutes an unsuspected observer of the group, when Trinette suddenly perceived him, as she passed the window in the course of her household arrangements, and her surprise was indicated by a start, which the jealous lover thought betokened less gratification than her manner towards him usually evinced; and his reflections did not become less gloomy when she joined him, exclaiming, in her liveliest tone, 'A fine night, Mynheer Jan! but somewhat of the chilliest. Methinks it would be wiser in your worship to turn in, and take a seat by our fire-side, than to stand out here in the frosty wind, counting the stars, like M. le Curé, or the bishop's chaplain.' 'I am not cold, Trinette,' replied Jan, exasperated by her ill-timed pleasantry, 'neither was I counting the stars, neither am I disposed for a seat by the fire-side in the company of strangers.' 'For that matter,' returned the damsel, with a toss of her little head, 'nobody wishes to constrain your self-willed inclinations. But I find it cold, and I must go in; my master and these honourable gentlemen will require my attendance.' 'These honourable gentlemen, indeed! I never saw more unprepossessing-looking individuals in my life. Let me tell you, Trinette, it is not for the credit of the 'Morning Star' to harbour such suspicious characters. Honourable gentlemen! Why, they are more like smugglers, or deserters, or brigands,' continued he, in rising wrath; 'if old Adam would take my advice, he would close his door against such desperadoes.' 'Vastly well, Heer Van Bloemen!' retorted the maid of the inn; 'but old Adam knows his interest, and my interest, and the interest of the 'Morning Star' better than to close his door against respectable travellers from foreign parts, with their memories full of old stories from distant countries, and reports of the wars of our own days, and their purses full of broad pieces, which they are ready and willing to spend.' 'Aye, and their knapsacks full of trinkets and toys, which they are willing to bestow on the host's pretty niece,' cried the indignant gardener, furiously glancing at the new ear-rings which had just met his eye. Now, Trinette really loved Jan as well as she loved any thing excepting herself; so, perhaps, had she not been self-convinced of a superabundance of complacency in her new bravery of attire, she would have condescended to relieve his uneasiness by acknow-

ledging that the obnoxious ornaments were the present of her sister, the wife of a respectable grocer at Namur; but offended by his jealousy, and not quite displeased to consider herself the injured party instead of the aggressor, she contented herself with replying scornfully, 'These ear-rings were not given me by the honourable gentlemen. It is very strange, Jan Van Bloemen, that you will imagine there is no one disposed to make me a present but yourself or old Adam, or these guests of our's.' 'I wish your guests were—at Liège,' interrupted he, suppressing a less charitable wish. 'The gates will soon be shut, and they will hardly like to spend the night in the fields.' 'Neither will they require to do so—they propose lodging here.' 'Here!' reiterated Jan, who knew, from the proximity of the city, such a thing had never occurred as a traveller's spending the night under Adam Polder's roof. 'It is impossible, Trinette; you have not accommodation to receive them.' 'It is very certain, however, that these honourable gentlemen have pressing business; they will set forward on their way before the city gates are open in the morning; and as for their lodging, my mistress and I will sleep in the inner room, and the eldest of the travellers will have the bed in the kitchen; old Adam will do very well for one night, rolled in a good blanket, and lying on the household chest; and the two others, being active young men, have no objection to climb the ladder and sleep in the loft.' 'You have managed well; and yet, St. Gndule help me! but I have great misgivings about these men.' 'You are valorous!' replied Trinette, laughing affectingly. 'Good Jan! mind your cabages, and let us manage our affairs for ourselves. It's lucky you have not yet authority to command in the 'Morning Star,' and may be it were wiser that I never put it in your power to do so.' 'It might be better for us both that I never attempted to influence a stubborn will, or attach a fickle heart.' 'As you will, Jan—the loss would be yours, not mine,' retorted the offended girl. The tone of forced mirth in which these words were pronounced was infinitely displeasing to Jan's feelings, and he was far too angry to observe that tears of vexation gushed into her eyes. The insulting laugh was conclusive; he turned sullenly on his heel, and left her without one parting word. She watched him with half-reluctant interest till he was out of sight; twice she was about to recall him, and twice pride overcame her better feelings. 'I will make friends with him to-morrow,' said she—'to-morrow.' The morrow broke, and Jan, magnanimously nursing his much-abated indignation, resolved to betake himself for his morning meal to any place in the neighbourhood, excepting the 'Morning Star.' Fearful that he might be tempted to break through this praiseworthy resolution, he would not even trust himself to look in that direction, and actually proceeded to his master's garden by the straight path across the fields, revolving in his mind thoughts not very complimentary to the constancy of the fair sex in general, and of the individual culprit in particular. He had not proceeded very far on his way, before he was accosted by Wilhelm Stein, the mason, who observed in that tone of peculiar bitterness which distinctly indicates that the individual speaking has suffered a disappointment in the matter of his matinal meal, 'Friend Jan! the 'Morning Star' will lose its reputation for early hours: I have been knocking at the door till I am tired, and no one answers; the shutters are still closed, and the household doubtless still asleep. As a friend,

let me advise you to remonstrate with Trinette, or the leathern purse will be lighter than you think for.' In the bitterness of his wrath, Jan was about emphatically to declare his total indifference to the weight of the purse, and his unqualified conviction of the absolute inutility of any remonstrance from him in that quarter; but as no man likes to point himself out as the object of indifference and contempt to the lady he loved, he allowed the observation to pass, as if unheard, and contented himself with forming a very fervent mental aspiration, that, ere long, by word or deed, Wilhelm Stein might give him a legitimate excuse for knocking him down. Wilhelm passed on, and Jan, who soon reached his destination, addressed himself diligently to his work; but before noon, many passers-by had remarked on the tardiness of the 'Morning Star,' and some expressed a doubtful wish 'that all might be well within.' Coupling these remarks with the recollections of the night before, a sudden apprehension flashed across the gardener's mind. He threw down his spade, and hurried to the little inn; the shutters were still closed, and, to his inexpressible horror, he perceived that no smoke curled from its chimneys. He knocked, but there was no answer: he called, but nothing appeared to stir within. Some persons, however, hearing him, hastened from the neighbouring fields to his assistance. The door, upon trial, appeared firmly fastened; and they were considering what course they should next pursue, when a faint, a very faint moaning decided them to enter, let follow what might. There was a low window at the back of the house, which occurred to them as offering more facility for gaining admission than any other. It looked into the garden, and the flower-beds beneath had evidently been recently trampled. The shutters, which were here simply closed, not bolted, yielded immediately to their hands, and Jan Van Bloemen sprang in hastily, and gained the interior of the cottage before any of his companions had followed him. An exclamation of horror prepared them in some degree for the scene within. The stream of light from the garden window disclosed an appalling spectacle. The lifeless body of old Adam, gashed with wounds, lay on the kitchen floor, close by the brass-belted chest, whose lid had been burst open, and the contents rifled. The corpse of his wife was also stiffening in her blood, and a weak feeble groaning alone indicated that the murderers had left one deed of blood incomplete. Could affection stay the parting breath, Jan's assurances of pardon were not wanting. But Trinette's moments were numbered; and gathering her little remaining strength by an effort, to point out the last night's travellers as the perpetrators of the crime, she sunk back upon his shoulder to wake no more! Search was made instantly for the fugitives, and they were very shortly discovered, concealed in a low oak-copse, about half a mile from the spot. They offered no resistance when seized, but suffered themselves tranquilly to be conducted to the Hôtel de Ville, where, as it happened, the tribunal of justice was at that moment sitting. Trinette's dying deposition, and Jan's identification of their persons were unnecessary to convict them, as they made a full confession of their guilt, which was accompanied by circumstances of peculiar barbarity and duplicity. Sentence was passed upon them, and every individual present acquiesced in the justice of the award; but a thrill of horror ran through the whole court, when one of the prisoners stepping forward, declared, in his own name and that of his accomplices, that from the moment of committing

the crime for which they were justly about to suffer, they felt that they were delivered over, body and spirit, to the enemy of souls. They had wandered for hours, but always in a circle; for an irresistible force restrained their steps, and withheld them within sight of the home of their unoffending victims. They were removed from the bar, and a pious priest never after left their side, urging them to employ their few remaining hours in making their peace with Heaven. But they turned a deaf ear to his admonitions; they spurned the offers of pardon, and awaited in hardened impenitence, or stolid apathy, their fearful doom. The fated hour arrived, and an immense crowd collected to witness their execution. I will not enter into the details— suffice it to say, that the sentence decreed them to be burnt, that their very remains might not cumber the earth. But no human hand scattered their ashes to the winds of heaven; for, while the flames still crept lazily round the blackened pile, a tempest arose which, in violence, surpassed any that the oldest Liegeois present ever remembered. Loud, sudden, cracking bursts of thunder, attended by vivid and forked lightnings, and furiously rushing blasts of wind, dispersed the terrified multitude. The alarmed executioner even fled from the spot, and it was not till the storm had subsided into a heavy continuous plashy rain, that he returned to look upon his work. A black scathed-looking spot was all the trace left of what had recently occurred there, from which, to his unutterable horror, crawled an innumerable swarm of black-beetles, who spread themselves in all directions through the city."

Two Years and a Half in the American Navy,
 &c. By E. W. Vines. 2 vols. 12mo.
 London, 1833. Bentley.

A LIGHT, sketchy, and amusing work, mingling together anecdotes, absurdities, and some "prodigious fine writing;" Greece and Italy abound, in more than their usual inspiration of sentimental reflection; and the following passages are only specimens of the style in which our author "gives vent" to his feelings.

"On the day of our arrival I did not go ashore, but abandoned myself to the reveries which the vicinity of such classic regions, and the anticipation of a visit to them, could not fail to awaken. Images of the heroism, genius, and taste of the ancient Greeks, as displayed in their wars, their poetry, their philosophy, and their sculpture, sprang up in throngs, as if evoked from their repose by some wizard power. But I thought of the degeneracy of modern times, and the comparison filled me with mortification. I could not but breathe an earnest prayer to Heaven, that the descendants of Leonidas and Themistocles might be wholly and for ever freed from the iron despotism of the barbarous Ottoman; and that the land where the morning stars of poetry first sang together, might again be made to echo with strains sweet and sublime as those which charmed into mildness the fury of the tiger, converted to delighted compliance the else relentless rigour of the king of hell, and caused assembled millions to rend the heavens with their acclamations amid the cliffs of Delphi, and along the vales of Elis. Oh! who can think of the beings, airy and graceful as the genius that created them, that once peopled every mountain and valley, every cliff and fountain, every grove and grotto in Greece, and not sigh at the thought, that her mountains are no longer the abodes of divinities, nor her valleys hung with Æolian harps—that the

shepherd waters his flock without knowing that naiads and goddesses once bathed their celestial forms in the stream that murmurs at his feet—that the groves where Diana pursued the chase have been levelled with the earth—and that grottoes in the green day-spring of the imagination, formed by fairy-fingered nymphs into rustic palaces, are now the lurking-places of the lawless *Klept*, or afford a precarious shelter to wretches who have no where else to lay their heads."

So much for the pleasures of memory; now for those of hope. Being shewn his own habitation in the ship:

"My anticipations, from what I had seen and heard the day before, were not of the most cheering kind; but I was determined to know the worst. I got a lantern, for the reader must know that the blessed light of the sun never shines in those lower regions, and, *Aeneas*-like, descended to the floating *Avernus*. The first view made my heart sink within me. It was about fourteen feet square, four and a-half in height, and as filthy and clogged as a lumber-yard. It seemed to me to be a perfect thoroughfare, into which every thing was thrown that was not suffered to remain any where else; and the spirit-room hatch, and the doors of five store-rooms and a bread-room which perforated its walls, reminded me of the hundred mounds of the dismal abode of the *Cumean sibyl*."

To these we must add a specimen of quoted poetry:

"Lovely indeed is morning. I have drunk
Its fragrance and its freshness, and have felt
Its delicate touch; and 'tis a kindlier thing
Than music, or a feast, or medicine."

Certainly morning being kindlier than medicine is, at least, an original simile.

We gather from the writer's pages that he was schoolmaster on board the United States' frigate *Constitution*; and we must say, that when he comes to plain writing, and abjures "*Apollo*, and *Mercury*, and the rest," he gives us some most sensible and judicious remarks on the necessity of naval education, and the negligences and errors of the present system; some of which said observations might be read with advantage on both sides the Atlantic. We proceed with our gleanings: for this essay, as it might be called, should be quoted as a whole, and as such extends beyond our limits. Speaking of the captain's absolute authority:

"An anecdote related to me by a gentleman in Mahon is so much to the purpose here, that I cannot forbear to repeat it. It so happened that one of the men concerned in the murder of the French lieutenant was a southern negro, and a perfect *Ninevite* in knowledge. In the course of the trial it became necessary for him to take an oath, and an oath and the Copernican system were all one to him. So the court set about enlightening him: 'Don't you acknowledge a Supreme Being?' 'Supreme Being! Massa,' replied Cuff; 'I no 'stand what he mean.' 'God, your Creator, the being who made us all: don't you acknowledge any superior being?' 'O yes, massa; my captain.'"

Naval announcements.—"All boats that approach the ship at night are hailed by one of the gang-way sentries, 'Boat, ahoy!' the answer indicates the rank, and the reception is regulated accordingly. A commodore replies, 'Fleet!' a captain repeats the name of his ship; a lieutenant answers, 'Ay! ay!' all officers of an inferior grade, 'No! no!' and a seaman, 'Holloo!' The sentry reports the answer to the quartermaster, and he to the

officer of the deck, who is bound to see that the officer is properly received, according to his rank. Captain W. once came off to the ship at night in a shore-boat. He replied, 'No! no!' to the challenge of the sentry, and was received by a midshipman. Ludicrous mistakes sometimes occur. I have heard a drunken sailor answer, 'Ay! ay!' and when all the 'pomp and circumstance' with which a lieutenant is received had been prepared, who should appear but a tottering devotee of *Bacchus*, his clothes half torn from his back, and he blubbering out his words through his lips, thick as the bulwarks to which he clung for support."

Loquacity and gesticulation of the Neapolitans.—"Every bargain made by a shopkeeper with a customer, you would think was a pitched battle between them. They are remarkable, too, for their gesticulation. The ancient Romans could scarcely have outdone them in this respect. If a Neapolitan wishes to tell his neighbour he is a jackass, he has only to shut his hands, cross his wrists, and stick up his thumbs, and the business is done."

Their grasping temper.—"A young Englishman, fresh from the straightforward honesty of his own country, arrived in Naples, and took lodgings in the same house with an old acquaintance of his, who had been some time in Italy. The next morning the new-comer had occasion for a carriage to go about half a mile. 'Now,' said his friend, 'I'll bet you five pounds, that if you offer that fellow a crown when you get out of the coach, he'll grumble at your illiberality.' The wager was accepted and lost."

Speaking of the little control the master has over his scholars on shipboard:

"Some of them could not or would not get [i. e. learn] the lessons; others could get more, and did not wish to be kept back; and others again were dissatisfied if they did not recite individually all they learned. Our discussions in the school-room were sometimes not a little amusing. 'Mr. —,' one would say to me, 'it says here that an acute angle is less than a right angle; thus, the angle ABC is less than a right angle: now, how do you know that ABC is less than a right angle?' 'It is evident from inspection.' 'Yes, but how do you prove it?' 'It is a definition, and does not require proof: if you wish to measure it, there are instruments for that purpose, and the method of doing it you will learn in its proper place.' 'No; I want to prove that ABC is less than a right angle, and I have heard there is a way of proving it by algebra.' Another, in demonstrating a theorem in geometry, would come to a certain step in the process: 'Now, how does that conclusion follow?' 'It is based upon a preceding proposition.' 'But how do I know whether or not that proposition be true?' 'You have already proved it; and what you have once established by demonstration, though you cannot remember the whole process of reasoning that led you to the result, you may ever afterwards take for granted.' 'But I don't wish to take any thing for granted: other people don't take things for granted, and why should I?'"

Truly, a Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge would be required for pupils who asked, "within the space of two hours, for instruction in all the following branches, viz. decimal arithmetic, geometry, trigonometry, the sailings, lunar observations, the use of the instruments, and the doctrine of tides."

The next paragraph is very American:

"On our arrival at Malta, we found a number of English men-of-war there; and as soon

as we were moored, our band was ordered to play 'God save the King.' A few days after, the *Britannia*, a new and beautiful three-decker, came in, and, with an insulting but characteristic haughtiness, her band was ordered to play 'Rule, Britannia.' The instant it had ceased, ours struck up 'Hail, Columbia.' The British never can forgive us for having humbled their naval pride during the last war. They may put on a show of good fellowship; but a lurking jealousy may almost always be discovered through the gossamer with which they endeavour to conceal it."

We own we cannot find out where the insult lay in playing a common national air; and we really do not think we are quite so unforgiving as is here represented.

The pictures and statues of Italy, the glories and beauties of Greece, we leave to less hackneyed readers than we have the misfortune to be; and conclude our notice by repeating, that there is a good deal of entertainment in this journal of the schoolmaster abroad.

An Essay on the Structure and Functions of the Skin; with Observations on the Agency of Atmospheric Vicissitudes, through the medium of the Skin, in the production of Affections of the Lungs, Liver, Stomach, Bowels, &c. By William Wood, Esq. M.D. &c. 8vo. pp. 172. Edinburgh, 1832, Maclellan and Stewart; London, Baldwin and Cradock.

THIS is a very satisfactory treatise on a very important subject. Although we cannot discover that the author has contributed much to enlarge our knowledge, he has at least the merit, which is no slight one, of arranging and condensing that already obtained in a very plain and lucid manner. Some of the opinions which he hazards, we should, however, be inclined to question, as in the following passage:

"The evaporation of water takes place at moderate temperatures *in vacuo*; it takes place freely when the mass of air is diminished, as in rarefied air, and goes on even in very moist air. Evaporation, therefore, does not cease when the adjacent air is depositing moisture. There is interposed, between the atmosphere and the true skin, an inorganic substance, the cuticle, plainly capable of imbibing moisture; nay, the cuticle is almost identical, in structure, with the human hair, one of the fittest substances for attracting moisture, and hence proposed by Saussure as an hygrometer. When the humidity in the atmosphere exceeds the point of saturation, a human hair becomes elongated by the absorption of moisture; yet it is impossible to believe that evaporation does not go on from the hair, even in the state which indicates humidity, since evaporation still is observed from the surrounding moist bodies. In this state, then, it gives off moisture to the air, at the very time that it is attracting moisture from the same air. In the same manner the cuticle may, nay must, yield up moisture at the same time that it imbibes it; so that, while the exhalants supply it with fluid from within, the air also supplies it with fluid from without; and while the absorbents, on the surface of the true skin, carry off part of this fluid into the body, evaporation conveys another part of it into the atmosphere; and there is an increase or diminution in the weight of the body, according as the process of abstraction goes on with greater activity on the internal or external aspect of the cuticle. If there be any difficulty in conceiving two such processes to take place at the same time, a familiar fact may be cited in illustration. If a deliquescent salt, say the subcarbonate of potassa, be exposed

in an open vessel, it will attract moisture, as every one knows, even from air apparently quite dry, and in no long time will have accumulated a quantity of water sufficient for its entire solution. Yet no one who reflects for a moment can doubt that evaporation goes on, from the very first deposition of moisture, just as freely as from any of the surrounding moist or liquid bodies equally exposed; and that the final accumulation of water is not the measure of absorption, but merely the difference between the entire quantity absorbed, and what had been exhaled in the mean time."

Now, although we flatter ourselves that we have reflected for a moment, we are by no means disposed to admit the correctness of this theory. We have always understood that evaporation and absorption were opposite and contrary forces: if so, it is manifest that their co-existence is impossible—if equal, the one would neutralise the other; if unequal, the superior force would preponderate proportionably to its excess above the inferior. This illustration of a deliquescent salt is no more than an instance of elective attraction; the subcarbonate of potassa has a greater attraction for water than atmospheric air, and therefore deprives it of its moisture. But if, as the author would have us believe, evaporation goes on at the same time from the salt, the superior attraction must alternate between it and the air, which we humbly conceive to be absurd. There is no law with which we are acquainted which would cause this vibration, as it were, of an atom of water between the two attracting forces.

The subject of absorption is, at best, a very obscure one, and concerning it there are at least *quot homines tot sententia*, each as much opposed to the rest as can well be imagined. These the author has clearly detailed, wisely refraining from adding any decided opinion of his own.

Waverley Novels, Vol. XLIII.: Fair Maid of Perth, Vol. II. Edinburgh, Cadell; London, Whittaker and Co.

This volume is adorned by a characteristic frontispiece of the Fair Maid listening to the Carthusian Monk, engraved by J. Horsburgh, after T. Duncan; and a sweet vignette of a river scene, with boats, engraved by W. Miller, from a drawing by D. O. Hill. It is also enriched with a considerable number of notes, chiefly derived from Morrison, the interesting historian of Perth. From these we select, first, his account of the descendants, real or nominal, of the famous blacksmith.

"The various designations by which Henry or Hal of the Wynd, the Gow Chrom or Bandy-legged Smith of St. Johnston, was known, have left the field open to a great variety of competitors for the honour of being reckoned among his descendants. The want of early registers, and various other circumstances, prevent our venturing to pronounce any verdict on the comparative strength of these claims; but we shall state them all fairly and briefly. First, we have the Henry or Hendrie families, who can produce many other instances besides their own, in which a Christian name has become that of a family or tribe, from the celebrity attached to it through the great deeds of some one of their ancestors by whom it was borne. Then follow the Hals, Halls, and Halleys, among whom even some of the ancient and honourable race of the Halkets have ranged themselves. All these claims are, however, esteemed very lightly by the Wynds, who to this day pride themselves on their thews and

sineus, and consider that their ancestor being styled 'Henrie Winde' by the metrical historian of the town, is of itself proof sufficient that their claim is more solid than the name would altogether imply. It is rather singular that, in spite of all the ill will which Henry seems to have borne to the Celts, and the contemptuous terms in which he so often speaks of them in the text, the Gows should be found foremost among the claimants, and that the strife should lie mainly between them and their Saxon namesakes the Smiths; families whose number, opulence, and respectability, will render it an extremely difficult matter to say which of them are in the direct line, even if it should be clearer than it is, that the children of the hero were known by their father's occupation, and not by his residence. It only remains to notice the pretensions of the Chroms, Crooms, Crambs, or Crombies, a name which every schoolboy will associate, if not with the athletic, at least with the gymnastic exercises for which the Gow Chrom and the grammar school of Perth were equally celebrated. We need scarcely add, that while the Saxon name corresponding with the word Gow has brought a host of competitors into the field, there has not yet started any claimant resting his pretensions on the quality expressed in the epithet *Chrom*, i. e. bandy-legged."

The next is a particular and curious description of a relic of morrice-dancing.

"It adds (says the same author) not a little interest to such an inquiry, in connexion with a story in which the fortunes of a Perth glover form so prominent a part, to find that the Glover Incorporation of Perth have preserved entire among their relics the attire of one of the morrice-dancers, who on some festive occasion exhibited his paces 'to the jocose recreation' of one of the Scottish monarchs, while on a visit to the fair city. This curious vestment is made of fawn-coloured silk, in the form of a tunic, with trappings of green and red satin. There accompany it two hundred and fifty-two small circular bells, formed into twenty-one sets, of twelve bells each, upon pieces of leather, made to fasten to various parts of the body. What is most remarkable about these bells, is the perfect intonation of each set, and the regular musical intervals between the tone of each. The twelve bells on each piece of leather are of various sizes, yet all combining to form one perfect intonation, in concord with the leading note in the set. These concords are maintained not only in each set, but also in the intervals between the various pieces. The performer could thus produce, if not a tune, at least a pleasing and musical chime, according as he regulated with skill the movements of his body. This is sufficient evidence that the morrice-dance was not quite so absurd and unmeaning as might at first be supposed; but that a tasteful performer could give pleasure by it to the skilful, as well as amusement to the vulgar."

The following anecdote is also worth quoting. Speaking of the Earl of Errol's lodgings, Mr. Morrison tells us, "it stood near the south end of the Watergate, the quarter of the town in which most of the houses of the nobility were placed, amidst gardens which extended to the wall of the city, adjoining the river. The families of the Hays had many rich possessions in the neighbourhood, and other residences in the town besides that commonly known as the Constable's Lodgings. Some of these subsequently passed, along with a considerable portion of the Carse, to the Ruthven or Gowrie family. The last of those noble residences in

Perth which retained any part of its former magnificence (and on that account styled the Palace), was the celebrated Gowrie House, which was nearly entire in 1805, but of which not a vestige now remains. On the confiscation of the Gowrie estates, it merged into the public property of the town; and in 1746 was presented by the magistrates to the Duke of Cumberland. His royal highness, on receiving this mark of the attachment or servility of the Perth rulers, asked, with sarcastic nonchalance, 'If the piece of ground called the Carse of Gowrie went along with it?'

Such historical reflections render this a very pleasingly illustrated portion of these delightful Novels.

A Harmony of the Four Gospels, in the English Authorised Version, &c. &c. By R. Mimpriss. 8vo. pp. 351. London, 1833. Low, Hatchard, Rivingtons, &c.

We own that we do not quite understand Mr. Mimpriss, the harmoniser of this work. In an "Address to the patrons" of his *Chart of our Lord's ministry*, he says: "Permission to publish an English Harmony of the four Gospels having been most liberally conceded;" by whom, we should like to know; and who has the power to restrain any one from publishing as many harmonies, English or Greek, as he pleases?—Indeed, we must say that, dissociated from the Pictorial Chart, to which we are informed "it is intended principally as an accompaniment," (but which we have never seen,) and from Mr. Greswell's Dissertations, to which references are made in almost every page, we do not discover much utility in this publication. There are, however, some very good features in Mr. Mimpriss's plan, though even these, we believe, are not new: such as, the distinct manner in which the corresponding portions of the Gospels are placed in juxtaposition; the putting hyphens between several English words answering to one in the Greek, as in "have-gone-over" (*επισκεψαι*); giving the Greek expression in instances where there is any peculiarity either in it or in the English rendering, as well as where two or more of the Evangelists use the same word or a different one in narrating the same event; all which are entitled to much commendation, as tending to familiarise the young student with the exact phraseology of the New Testament, and calculated to recall it, in an agreeable way, to the memory of the more advanced scholar.

The Field Naturalist's Magazine, &c. Conducted by James Rennie, M. A. &c. London, 1833. W. Orr.

AMONG modern periodicals in any form, we have not met with one more replete with interesting information than this "Review of animals, plants, minerals," and other objects of natural philosophy. The variety in the first No. as well as the novel and striking matter derived from intelligent sources which it contains, give us the promise of a work of the most entertaining and valuable kind.

Arthur Coningsby. 3 vols. Wilson.

WE should take this to be the production of a very young man, extravagant, visionary, and of course often absurd; yet with here and there indications of thought and feeling, of which something might be made by severe discipline. The present work is the history of an enthusiastic votary of the French Revolution; soon, however, turned aside by a near view of the period

"When France grew drunk with blood, to vomit crime."

Its moral seems to be, the evils resulting from an unbridled imagination. But, incoherent and diffuse, *Arthur Comingsby* seems as little likely to be understood as to be read; and yet we cannot but think that the writer could do better.

A Table for finding the Commencements, Characteristics, and regular Inflections of Greek Verbs. By Thomas Castle, Esq. F.L.S. London, 1833. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co.; Cambridge, Deighton and Co.

THIS is one of the neatest and most ingenious pieces of planispheric engraving we have seen, and reflects much credit on the artist, Mr. Neele. The arrangement is extremely simple, and any person at all acquainted with the Greek language may easily understand the table. There is a short but concise explanation, and numerous examples, which will be of much service to students.

The Aldine Poets: No. XXIV. Dryden, Vol. IV. London, 1833. Pickering.

ANOTHER excellent volume added to the number of this cheap and valuable publication. It is delightful to be induced again to revel in the riches of glorious John's muse; and one cannot take a peep without being induced to read on.

Dramatic Library, with Remarks, &c. By George Daniel. Vol. I. 12mo. London, 1833. Hurst.

A FULL-LENGTH of Dowton as Falstaff, and a vignette head of Shakespeare, together with several good wood-cuts, embellish this volume; the commencement of a series uniting ancient and modern dramas. Henry IV., Hamlet, the Lord of the Manor, the School for Scandal, Comfortable Lodgings, Rienzi, and Modern Antiques, constitute its abundant contents; and such a selection, at the cost of little more than sixpence a-piece, ought to insure a very extensive encouragement. The editor has acquitted himself with spirit and discretion; and we have no doubt the publication will make its way, as it deserves, even amid the crowd of cheap competitors by which it is surrounded.

The Epigrammatist's Annual. 24mo. pp. 148. London, Tegg; Simpkin and Marshall; Glasgow, Atkinson and Co.

AN epigram for every day of the year is, perhaps, too much of a good thing; for though one might swallow them, or a like number of pepper-corns, if daily administered, either would be found too much to be taken altogether—a book full of points or a peck of pepper! There are, however, some clever hits and puns in this bundle of 365; and, with several characteristic etchings, the little tome may be occasionally dipped into for a laugh.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

Naples, 18th December, 1832.

THE latest official accounts from Bronte, received at Palermo, not only confirm the statement of the abatement in violence of the eruption of Etna since the 18th Nov., but add, that on the 21st it had wholly ceased. They call the escape of the town *una prodigiosa liberazione*; for the lava, which in sixteen days had passed over a space of ten miles, stopped within a mile of the town; which, with its buildings, is therefore safe; but the loss which the inhabitants have sustained will perhaps be more severely felt, than if their

houses had been destroyed. These might easily have been rebuilt; but all their fields, vineyards, olive and fruit plantations, and the woods near the lava, are ruined for centuries to come. It must be considered singular, and will furnish those who believe in a communication between Etna and Vesuvius with an argument in favour of their opinion, that twenty-five or twenty-six days after the cessation of the eruption, on the 16th, in the evening, Vesuvius poured forth a very broad and violent torrent of lava, the greatest that I have seen for these three years, without the slightest previous indication—only during the course of the 16th rather more smoke than usual was observed, so that the lava may have begun to flow about noon; yet between six and seven in the evening, when it was first seen by me, it had already flowed down the whole cone towards the hermitage, and had reached the *Atrio del Cavallo* (the level space below it), as was easily to be perceived by the basin formed there by the lava. The current is, therefore, much more rapid than those that have preceded it, which took as many days to pass over the space thus traversed in some hours. Yesterday morning, at four o'clock, some people here thought they heard explosions. In the evening the torrent seemed to have abated a little. On neither of the two days was any thing thrown up into the air. In the day-time it was clearly to be seen that the lava issued between the *Punta del Palo* and the small interior cone; probably rising from the nether side of the latter.

P.S. Later accounts from Naples announce that three new craters had opened in the mountain.

December 22.

The eruption of Vesuvius has become very serious since the day before yesterday; and the sight of the mountain, half covered with fire, is magnificent. It appears that it was on the night of the 15th that the volcano was first convulsed; and in the smaller cone, in the middle of the great crater, three small craters were formed; and in the cone itself fissures, or rents, from thirty to forty feet broad, and from fifteen to twenty deep. Besides the stream of lava that flows on the left of the mountain towards the hermitage, and which, as it has divided into two arms, is but apparently diminished in violence, another burst out on the 20th, towards midnight, also in two arms, on the right side of the volcano, which seems to flow towards Portici; so that the two sides of the mountain seem to be on fire, and only the middle of the cone is dark. Besides these four streams of lava, there are now continued and violent explosions, and stones and volcanic substances are projected to a great height from the summit of the mountain. The noise of the detonation, as heard at Naples, resembles a distant cannonade.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

ON Tuesday evening Dr. Grant, professor of comparative anatomy and zoology in the University of London, delivered the first lecture at this institution on the structure and classification of animals. In taking a view of the organisation of the higher classes of animals, the doctor purposes first to consider their organs of relation, or of animal life—the bones and hard parts which form the solid framework of the body, the ligaments which connect them together, the muscles which move them, the nervous system which gives energy to the

muscles, and the organs of the senses which direct their motions. The organs of vegetative or organic life will next be examined—the digestive organs which prepare the food, the lacteals which convey it to the blood, the circulating system which conducts it to all parts of the body, the respiratory organs which renovate and prepare the circulating fluids, the organs of secretion which form new compounds from the blood, the lymphatics which take up the decayed materials of the organs and convey them to the circulating mass, and the tegumentary organs which cover and protect the whole system. The third class of organs, connected with the preservation of species, will be entirely reserved for a few supplementary lectures at the conclusion of the course. In the present lecture Dr. Grant proceeded up to *Crustacea*. Of *Infusoria* he observed, that in every drop of spring-water, sea-water, or spray, myriads of animalcule might be detected: he considered that a single drop contained about 200,000, of infinite variety of form. Not only the common liquids, but even the brain and fluids of the body were replete with them. The lecturer drew a beautiful sub-marine picture: far below the surface of the deep, life was active and assumed the shape of ferns, mosses, and similar substances, depositing calcareous matter; and at a future period might become islands, like those of the South Sea, which are of coralline formation, raised by volcanic agency.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

ON the 9th, Mr. Murchison, president, in the chair, the following communications were read: 1. Observations on the vegetable structure of coal, and on the probability that the gas evolved from coal in the mine, or when newly exposed on the surface, previously existed in a very condensed state in the cells of the coal; by W. Hutton, Esq. 2. On opihura, found in the London clay at Child's Hill, near Hampstead; by N. T. Wetherell, Esq. 3. Extract of a letter from Sir W. Gell to W. R. Hamilton, Esq. on the recent discoveries at Pompeii.* 4. A letter from Leonard Horner, Esq. to C. Lyell, Esq. on the late eruption at Etna, and the stream of lava which threatens to destroy Bronte.*

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MR. BRUNEL in the chair.—The remaining part of Dr. Faraday's paper on experimental researches in electricity was read. The author proceeds with his comparisons, and points out some of those qualities which have not yet been discovered as belonging in common to the electricities, though they might be considered identical. Dr. Wollaston, and other philosophers, could not accomplish the decomposition of water or neutral salts by the machine: the late Mr. Barry, however, believed he had succeeded in this. Animal electricity possessed many characteristics of the others, but the spark had not yet been obtained. The author found that, by passing an equal measure of common and Voltaic electricity through the galvanometer, the deflecting force was the same, without regard to the degree of intensity. A variety of experiments in illustration are detailed; and Dr. F. promises to pursue his researches further, and communicate their results.—Mr. Brunel, it is believed, is the first foreigner who

* Both these topics have been amply illustrated in preceding *Literary Gazettes*.—Ed.

has presided at a meeting of the Royal Society; and, in returning thanks, he noticed this circumstance.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Mr. HALLAM in the chair. — Mr. Gage exhibited some silver Roman coins, part of a large quantity lately found in a field belonging to Stanfield Batson, Esq., in Horsea parish, adjoining the parish of Bartlow, in Cambridgeshire. Mr. Sydney Smirke exhibited a drawing of the remains of the Gothic King Theodoric, at Ravenna, which he accompanied by a description of its architectural details. The Rev. J. B. Deane communicated a further paper, describing Druidical remains at Locmariaquer, in Brittany; consisting of a cromlech, sepulchral tumuli enclosing kistvaens or tombs, and two obelisks—one of which was formed of a single stone, sixty feet in length, and fourteen in diameter at the thickest part. Mr. Deane considers them to have belonged to the Dracontium at Carnac, lately described.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

Mr. LAMBERT in the chair. — His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, the Earl of Powis, and several other persons, were elected Fellows of the Society. The commencement of a paper on the *Lycium* of the Greeks, by John Forbes Royle, Esq. was read. An epitome of this interesting communication will be given when the reading of it is concluded.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

JAN. 16th. Dr. Richards in the chair. — The paper read was by Sir W. Gell, on the history and topography of the Via Appia, at Rome; a valuable portion of the result of the learned writer's late accurate researches on Italian geography.

A second donation, consisting of nearly forty volumes, chiefly philological, presented by Mr. Petit, was announced.

FINE ARTS.

NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

A GENERAL meeting of this laudable Society took place last week, when a satisfactory report was made, and a subscription entered upon for furthering its future progress. Above 100*l.* was raised in the room, and a new committee of management, consisting of artists only, was chosen by ballot. Thanks were voted to the former committee, and to the chairman, Mr. Powell; and after transacting other necessary business, the meeting adjourned for a fortnight. Referring to our remarks on their first exhibition, we cordially join with those who wish this Institution prosperity and success.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

African Antelopes. Engraved by W. Daniell, R.A., from Drawings made in Africa by S. Daniell. No. I.

THIS is a work published under the patronage of the Zoological Society. It is to consist of four Nos., containing, in the whole, twenty varied subjects of the extensive tribe of antelopes, engraved in aquatinta and coloured by Mr. W. Daniell, from drawings made by his brother, Mr. S. Daniell, in his different journeys in Africa. To the fidelity of Mr. S. Daniell's delineations of animals ample testimony is borne by Mr. Barrow, the African traveller; and, indeed, the spirit and character of the several representations in the No. before us are

sufficient indications of their truth. To the lovers of natural history this must be a very interesting publication.

Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain, with Biographical and Historical Memoirs. By Edmund Lodge, Esq. Norroy King of Arms, F.S.A. &c. Part XLV. Harding and Lepard.

THE various republications which the great and deserved popularity of Mr. Lodge's work has rendered necessary, have been going regularly on, although, having on so many previous occasions called the attention of our readers to the original series, we have refrained from noticing them. The Part before us, however, contains a plate which we do not remember to have heretofore seen, and which is so pre-eminently beautiful, that we cannot pass it by unmentioned. We allude to the portrait of Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales,—of whom Mr. Lodge observes, that "the prominent station which she occupied in the public regard, the fondness with which the people, of whom she was designated as the future queen, rested upon her hopes and expectations, and the touching circumstances under which those hopes were annihilated, have cast a deep and enduring interest over her memory." The portrait is engraved by H. T. Ryall, from a picture by A. E. Chalon, R.A.; and a composition of greater skill, taste, and finish, or an expression of greater spirit, sweetness, and dignity, we never met with. It is altogether fascinating.

The Byron Gallery; a Series of Historical Embellishments to illustrate the Poetical Works of Lord Byron. Part IV. Smith, Elder, and Co.

OF the embellishments in this Part our favourites are,—that from "The Corsair," by H. Richter, which is full of voluptuous beauty; that from "Don Juan," by E. T. Parris, characterised by that clever artist's usual grace; and that from "The Two Foscari," by S. J. E. Jones, displaying great dramatic character. The portrait of the too celebrated "Countess Guiccioli," painted by E. C. Wood, from an original miniature, will probably, however, excite greater curiosity than all these. It is a pleasing countenance; but, as well as the figure, as far as the latter can be seen (and what is not seen is pretty distinctly indicated), is rather girlish. Probably the lady sat for the original when very young.

The English School. A series of the most approved productions in Painting and Sculpture, executed by British Artists, from the days of Hogarth to the present time. Selected, arranged, and accompanied with descriptive and explanatory notices in English and French, by G. Hamilton. No. XLVIII. Tilt.

THIS pretty little work is now complete. It consists of no fewer than two hundred and eighty-eight outlines of various subjects, from the select works of ninety artists, either actually British, or who have resided so long in the country as to come under that denomination. Although, as we observed at the commencement of the publication, it necessarily conveys a very inadequate idea, especially to foreigners, of the "English School," and we regret, therefore, that a less ambitious title had not been chosen for it, it is nevertheless exceedingly interesting in its way; presenting in all cases the general forms of linear composition, and in many instances much more of the detail than

could possibly have been expected in so small a compass, and at so moderate a price. The descriptions are highly valuable: they contain much curious information.

Specimens of Ancient Furniture; drawn from existing Authorities. By Henry Shaw. No. I. London, 1833. Pickering.

THE promise of a work of great interest and curiosity, illustrative of the arts among our forefathers, and throwing a light upon their domestic manners and habits. The great bed at Ware is the first subject; and four other engravings represent antique tables, chairs, and desks. Besides the pleasure of contemplating these relics, hints may very well be taken from them for improved new furniture.

Illuminated Ornaments, &c. &c. By Henry Shaw. Part X. Pickering.

A BEAUTIFUL continuation of the work: this No. is much indebted to Mr. Douce.

The Byron Portraits, from Drawings by Daniel Lynch. No. I. London, Spooner.

ZULEIKA, Gulnare, and Medora, are here imagined and executed in a manner different from preceding publications. We shall be better able to decide on the merits by and by. Gulnare is certainly not a hit.

Colonel Jones. Lithographed by Gauci, from a picture by J. M. Smith. London, Dickinson.

A GOOD likeness, and well executed on the stone. The countenance is marked with character; and a list of pensions in the hand designates the radicalism of the late candidate for Marylebone.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE GREAT PYRAMID.

MOUNTAIN of art! sublime, mysterious pile!
Eye of the desert! Desolation's throne!
Undeluged Ararat of time! lone isle,
Left in the ocean of oblivion!

Marvel of marvels! Titan relic vast!
Gigantic gnomon of the boundless sand!
Link of eternities to come and past!
Stupendous vestige of a voiceless land!

What times — what deeds — what changes hast
thou seen! [form!]

What throngs have gazed upon thy wondrous
Where are they now? Whole empires, that
have been [worm!]

Young in thine eld, have banqueted the

Kings, sages, conquerors — the god-styled race

Who once gave glory to Egyptia's name,

Mixed with the dust, may now perchance
deface

The very monument that told their fame.

Extending at thy basement far and wide,
Dwindling to nought where thou art nearest

heaven!

Thou art, in shape, the symbol of their pride,
Whose vastest thoughts to earth alone were
given.

Fain would we learn the legend of thy birth;
Fain know why thus thou load'st the weary
plain:

But, ponderous fabric! incubus of earth!
Thy stones are silent — our research is vain.

Thou hast no record: all hath pass'd away,
Save that by Time's sarcastic hand, alone,
Scrawl'd on the dusty tablets of decay: —

"This was his work — the great, the proud
unknown!"

GUIDA.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

THE Cholera Medical Board is dissolved; and, much as we considered its institution desirable, we trust it is dissolved for ever. Whether we are now to reckon this terrible malady as an addition to our stock of diseases, or as a transient visitor, we know not; but as an epidemic, we trust that its virulence is exhausted. It was a favourite opinion among one party of medical theorists, that other fatal disorders had become less prevalent during the ascendancy of cholera. This result, to a certain extent, was reasonably to be imagined, as doubtless many weak and failing constitutions were destroyed by that formidable agent. The facts, however, which we have been able to collect, do not warrant this belief. The London bills of mortality shew the number of burials for the past year to have been 28,606, while those recorded for 1831 amounted only to 25,337; thus presenting an increase of 3,269 for the last over the preceding year. Now the deaths from cholera amounting only to 3,200, a trifling increase is shewn in the burials of 1832, when all the cholera cases are deducted. The epidemic first assumed importance in London during the week commencing with March 6, when there were twenty-nine reported burials; and its violence subsided with the week ending on the 8th of May, there being in the succeeding weekly report only three deaths arising from the disease. In this space of ten weeks the total number of burials was 6,598, 557 of which are stated to have arisen from cholera; while in the corresponding weeks of 1831, there were only 4,107 burials of those who died from all kinds of disorders. For a short time the cholera was nearly extinct; but in the week beginning July 3, we find fifty-five deaths occurring from that complaint, which then assumed a severe character until the week ending October 30, at which time we find only thirteen deaths happening in the interval. During this period of seventeen weeks, the total number of burials was 10,357; the number from cholera being 2,403. In the corresponding weeks of the preceding year the aggregate amount of interments was only 6,114; so that we plainly perceive the mortality from other diseases became more intense during the whole time that the malignant cholera was in action. It is a fact, moreover, which holds true in the detail, that the mortality from independent diseases was not lessened, even in those weeks when the cholera was especially fatal; but that, on the contrary, the deaths from other causes were mostly beyond the average, after the deaths from cholera have been deducted. This will be seen in a moment by reference to the following table.

Weeks of the Year 1831 & 2.	Deaths in 1832.		Deaths in 1831 from all Diseases.
	From Cholera.	Other Diseases.	
27th.	55	476	244
28th.	108	496	332
29th.	132	450	329
30th.	380	588	350
31st.	295	488	346
32d.	127	534	592
33d.	103	379	332
34th.	116	428	382
35th.	274	747	277
36th.	157	367	464
37th.	257	607	650
38th.	154	514	269
39th.	39	442	472
40th.	73	548	253

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

At this theatre *Charles the Second* has been played, but not so well cast as we have ori-

ginally seen it; though Miss Ferguson is a very pretty page. On Tuesday the *Clandestine Marriage* was performed in a superior manner.

ADELPHI.

We would willingly record the improvements made in the acting of *Don Quixote*; but the house is so crammed every night, that we cannot get in to see them; and it is quite a new thing for *Us* to be turned away, like money, from a theatre door.

OLYMPIC.

We had the satisfaction to witness Liston's return to the stage on Monday night; and though still evidently only convalescent, we were equally gratified with his exertions in the laughable burlesque of *Kill or Cure*. His reception by the audience was so cordial as almost to overpower him; but he soon rallied, and never was *Brown* better done. In *P. Q.* Mrs. Orger again delighted us by her versatility and talent. Her assumption of the country lad is particularly perfect; but nobody "ma'r'n't growl" at any part of her varied and excellent performance. The *Paphian Bower* concluded the entertainments at a reasonable hour, and unshorn of any of its attractions.

UNREHEARSED STAGE EFFECTS.

Drury Lane. Jan. 2.—If it had not actually occurred, it would not be considered possible that an arrow aimed at a target at the back of the stage should, like a Frieschütz bullet, instead of the bull's, hit the eye of a lady sitting in the pit; yet this unparalleled piece of awkwardness, to the cost of the poor lady, who was rendered insensible by the wound, was actually achieved during the archery scene in the pantomime. The great globe itself is represented in this pantomime, and the geni of the four quarters issue from it. With a laudable spirit of correctness, Europe is nightly made to walk out of Africa, and Great Britain out of America!

Surrey. Jan. 4.—The *Columbine*, in nearly her first gyration, stepped upon a piece of orange-peel, and was so much injured by her fall that she was carried out, and appeared no more. The *Clown* here has adopted all the jokes in the *Hot Codling* song, which produced so fine an effect on the gallery at a legitimate theatre.

Coburg. Jan. 5.—In Shiel's *Apostate*, at this theatre, the Moor, ere his apostacy, wore an ornament of St. George and the dragon. I have since witnessed a scene, used on this occasion as a view in Hampshire, used as a view in Greece, and a Grecian warrior dressed in the coat and breeches worn by Serle in the French piece of the *Iron Mask*.

Covent Garden. Jan. 14.—It is highly amusing, in *Masaniello*, to see Miss Inverarity, and the other *prime donne* who are engaged in the market chorus, skulking out of sight, as though ashamed of being seen so usefully employed. It is very foolish of them; for when, on the first few nights, they boldly traversed the stage, they were always recognised and complimented with applause that must, one would imagine, have been gratifying to them; but how can they be gratified when they so sedulously and successfully ensconce themselves among the vegetable and fish-baskets of the *pollai*? In the final eruption, the back-ground of sky is withdrawn with a deliberate coolness truly laughable; what natural phenomenon is such manoeuvre meant to express? On this occasion the eruption began at the bottom of

the mountain instead of the top, and the lava ran up hill instead of down. Two of the six tarella dancers were missing when that dance began. The missing lady rushed on in a great flurry when it was half-finished, but the male delinquent did not appear at all. Is it not a most ill-judged thing on the part of Jones, in *Nell Gwynne*, to retain the same dress he wears from the beginning in the scene wherein *Nell* recognises as King of England the man who had passed himself upon her as a city mercer?—to walk in state with the queen in the same dress wherein he haunted low drinking-houses incog? Charles, though a mad wag, was not so mad as to act thus. It is true Mr. Jones at last hides one arm with a cloak; but this is not changing his dress, or in any way a sufficient substitute for what the business of the play renders imperative. When distinct reference is made in the text to candles being wax-candles, they should not be such egregious tallow-ditto as are used in this piece. When the curtains withdrew to exhibit *Nell* in her large hat,* the suspended hoops of candles were made to perform a most extraordinary impromptu up-and-down dance, to the tune of such gentle exclamations from invisibles, as "Who the d—'s doing that?" "What the h— are you doing that for?" The green curtain, catching the infection, half descended and reascended three times before it would obscure the characters on the stage, who, be it remembered, at the end of this play, are all left in positions the most difficult to sustain with any effect.

VARIETIES.

Paramorphine.—One of the great advantages of analytical science is, that in bringing us nearer to elementary principles it brings us nearer to truth, and to the chance of making greater discoveries, though there may be little value in particular facts elicited. M. Pelletier has found a new substance in opium, to which he has given the above name. It is very soluble in alcohol, and acts with prodigious effect on the animal system, destroying life in a very short period.

Spiral Vessels of Plants animated.—On detaching the spiral vessels from vigorous young shoots of herbaceous plants, they frequently become violently agitated; the motion continues for some seconds, and may be similar to that of the heart in animals under similar circumstances. These vessels abound in the stems of the *Urtica nivea*, of *Centaurea arvensis*, and of the *Malvaceae*.—*Field Naturalist's Magazine*.

Attack upon a Hare by a Magpie.—To record the petty conflicts of the inferior animals may seem trifling to the general observer; but to the naturalist who writes the history of a species, no anecdote, however trivial, that serves to illustrate peculiar traits of character, can appear either uninteresting or superfluous. I was informed the other day by a friend (a medical man, with whom I am on terms, and on whose veracity I can rely), that he had just witnessed a curious contest between a magpie and a fine full-grown hare; the bird making frequent and furious pounces at the hare, and pursuing it for a considerable distance, when the animal escaped by making for a thick hedge, at the other side of which it ran off to some distance from the place where it had entered, and without being observed by the bird.

* Miss Taylor's substitute for the large bolt, which she fears would spoil her figure, is scarcely worthy of a sensible actress.

I had always considered the magpie to be a remarkably bold bird, but never conceived him capable of such an exploit as this.—*Field Naturalist's Magazine.*

On Flies walking up Glass, against Gravity.—Some time ago Mr. Blackwall, one of our most ingenious and original observers, read a paper to the Linnæan Society, adducing facts discordant with Sir E. Home's opinion that flies walk up glass by means of a vacuum produced in their foot, on the principle of the boy's leather sucker. I think it highly probable that Mr. Blackwall is not aware of some of his views having been anticipated nearly two hundred years ago. "The common fly," says Dr. Power, "hath six legs, but goes only upon four; the two foremost she makes use of instead of hands, with which you may often see her wipe her mouth and nose, and take up any thing to eat. The other four legs are cloven, and armed with little claws or talons (like a catamount), by which she lays hold on the rugosities and asperities of all bodies she walks over, even to the supportance of herself, though with her back downwards and perpendicularly inverted to the horizon. To which purpose, also, the wisdom of nature hath endowed her with another singular artifice, and that is, a fuzzy kind of substance like little sponges, with which she hath lined the soles of her feet, which substance is also repeated with a whitish viscid liquor, which she can at pleasure squeeze out, and so sodder and begew herself to the plain she walks on, which otherwise her gravity would hinder (were it not for this contrivance), especially when she walks in those inverted positions."—*Ibid.*

Mr. Banim.—We had intended this week to offer some observations on the distress of this popular author, connecting it with the condition of too many of his contemporaries, and the general state of our literature; but we find that we cannot fulfil our purpose, not having, till too late, received a list of the committee who have undertaken to conduct a subscription to the subject next Saturday, and rejoice, in the meantime, to see that Lord John Russell has accepted the office of chairman to the committee, and that Messrs. H. Ellis, E. L. Bulwer, Macaulay, Grattan, R. Sharp, T. Moore, Lockhart, and other literary persons, have consented to aid his lordship in promoting this benevolent design.

More Periodicals!—The line will surely stretch till some crack or other; but as we have acknowledged other novelties of the kind sent to us, we will do the same for Nos. I. and II. of the Whig Dresser. It resembles the Figaro, but takes the other side of the question, and is conservative, or rather anti-ministerial, in its cuts and gibes.

The Liverpool Medical Gazette, No. I., is another added to the stock of our periodical novelties. The specimen is creditable to the intelligence of that wealthy, and, what is better, intellectual, liberal, and improving place. A good paper is begun on the topography of Liverpool.

Safety-Cask.—There has always been great outcry against the glass and the bottle, and we are glad to find that some repARATION to society is likely to be made by the cask. An ingenious seaman has contrived a simple apparatus, which, by being fastened to an empty water-cask, such as every vessel carries, will convey a line rapidly on shore, and put it in the power of those on land to save the lives endangered by being driven on a lee-shore. A few yards of canvass, and a little ballast, are all the requi-

sites for fitting this safety messenger to establish a communication between the vessel and the coast.

English Language.—A professorship has been instituted in the University of Paris for regular instruction in the English language; and the example will be followed in all the principal schools in France.

Bull, or no Bull.—In Ireland the following, which we copy from the *Morning Herald* of Thursday, would be a bull: "The temporary works round Lierre and Hassell are intended to be permanent."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A Historical Sketch of the Rise, Progress, and Present State of the Baptist Denomination in all parts of the World, &c., by Charles Thompson.

We are informed that the public may shortly expect from the pen of Mrs. Lee (late Mrs. Bowditch) a Biographical Memoir of the late Baron Cuvier. Mrs. Lee enjoyed the intimacy of the Baron for many years.

The Adieu, a Farewell Token to a Christian Friend; Original Pieces, in Prose and Verse, by the Author of "Gideon," &c.

Historical Tales of Illustrious British Children, each accompanied by a Summary of the Historical Facts, by Miss Agnes Strickland.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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Monday... 14	... 35. ... 43.	30.13 ... 30.15
Tuesday... 15	... 30. ... 41.	30.13 ... 30.10
Wednesday... 16	... 33. ... 43.	30.12 ... 30.13

Wind N.E. and S.E., the former prevailing. Since the 12th, generally cloudy; a little rain on the afternoon of the 13th.

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We beg to refer our readers to a brief but interesting statement in page 44, respecting the mortality in the metropolis during the prevalence of Cholera. It is a document carefully made, after a thorough examination of the subject, and deserving both of medical and general attention.

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Many communications have reached us too late for notice; and we have been put to much expense and inconvenience by our exertions to include several tardily sent matters in our present No. We wish our Correspondents would remember, that a load upon the end of our time, which might have been early, sadly increases the difficulties and labour of a publication which is difficult and laborious enough without.

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